



Verity



👁 163 ✓ 3 ★ 13

Chapter 1 by blackcat1021

She wakes me by shaking my ankle until the iron bedstead rattles. I jerk out of sleep, heart pounding, my ankle burning from her frigid grip.

"You're late, let's go!" she hisses, flinging herself around and following a light out the window.

My body is unequivocally terrified of her. My curious naughty mind is tantalized by her inexplicable appearance, and by the lantern light that she has hied off after. I ease my trembling legs and feet unto the floorboards, and step over to the window she has vacated. I see a swaying light retreating at the treeline. I sit on the sill to throw my legs over, but something grossly damp soaks immediately through my pajama pant leg. I wipe my hand against it. The full moon is very bright, but the substance on my hand could be anything. I sniff cautiously. Sweet yet rotten, granite and iron with hummus and bone undertones. I know this scent from working with my Grandma. The girl has left fresh grave dirt on my window sill.

Chapter 2 by N8



I try to think over in my head why she might have left dirt upon the windowsill, but none came out good.

She could have been grave robbing, an illegal practice that I'd rather stay away from.

There was a chance that she just buried someone, meaning she probably practiced the art of murder.

Not to mention the most likely possibility, she just crawled out of her grave.

Surely that would be impossible if she was already dead.

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